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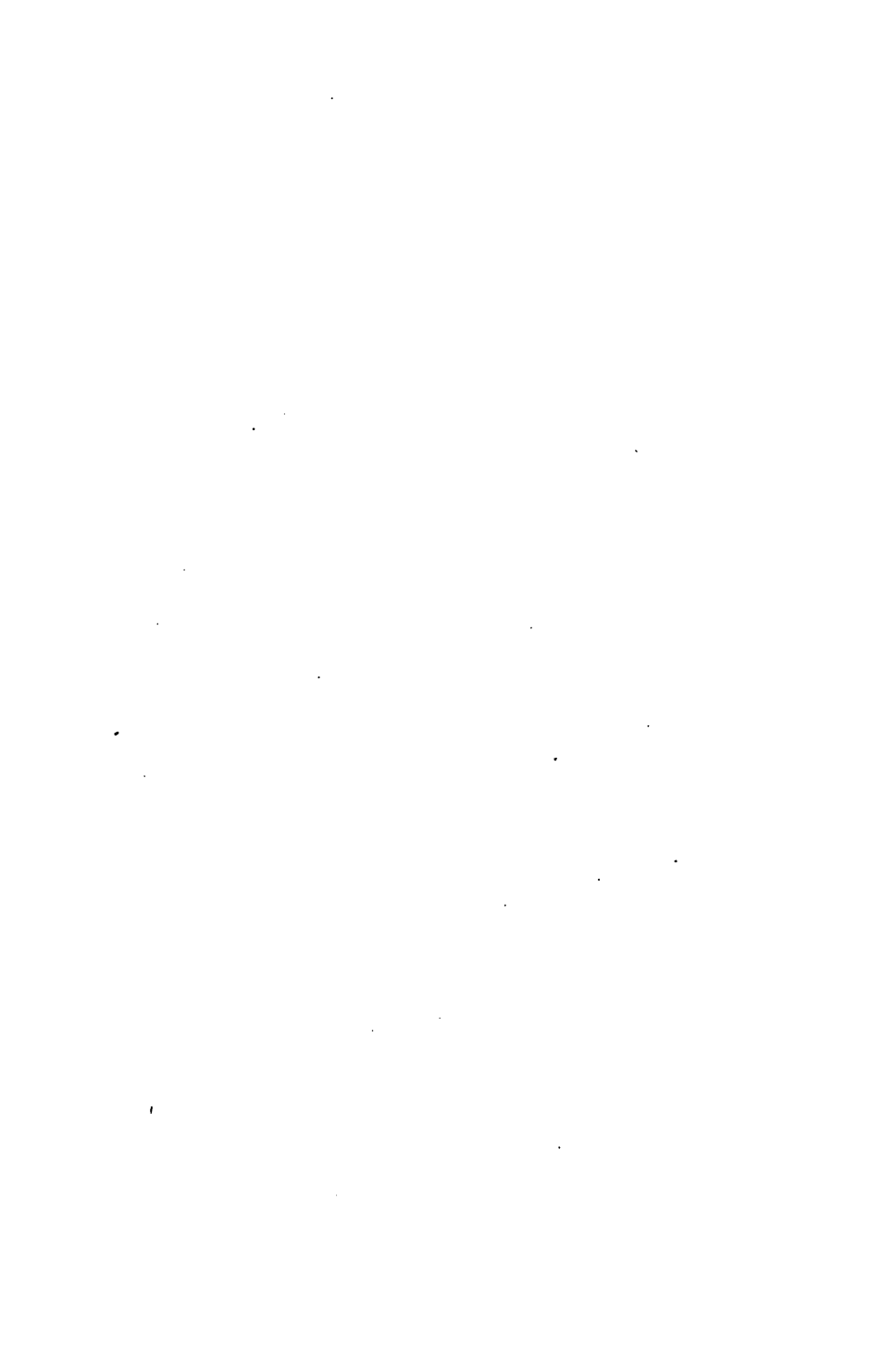
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Poetry, American.

Describes fashionable  
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**MICROCOSMUS PHILADELPHICUS;**  
**IN**  
**TWO EPISTLES**  
**TO**  
**MY COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.**



**MICROCOSMUS PHILADELPHICUS;**  
**IN**  
**TWO EPISTLES**  
**TO**  
**MY COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.**

**BY NOTUS NULLI, ESQ. M. R. I. A.**

**AND OTHER POEMS.**

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sunt,  
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.  
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita fientibus adfient  
Humani vultus.

---

**HOR. DE ARTE POETICA.**

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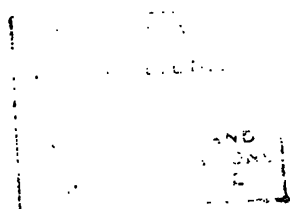
**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.**

**J. Maxwell, Printer.**

**1825.**

**Ct**





## PREFACE.

If the few pages here presented to the public, should unhappily, (*quod avertat Deus!*) by some wrongheadedness, or fatuity, be received with cold apathy and chilling indifference, it would then be a matter of very little moment, to learn, what gave occasion to their appearance, or wherefore they were written. But if, as I expect, and hope, (because though Taste and Learning are sometimes very sick, yet they are still not utterly dead,) this felicitous production of the muse, shall meet a hearty welcome, a cheering shake of the hand, why then every thing concerning it, becomes interesting.—Now as I think this latter sort of reception is that which it merits, and consequently, *beyond all doubt*, that which it will find, I am of opinion that the curiosity of the curious on this *important particular*, certainly should be satisfied.

A very natural, sober, and grave kind of suggestion, however, is first to be discussed; it is this: Whence this confidence of success?—Success is not always the concomitant of merit, even supposing merit to exist here,

a thing by no means conceded, *in facto*.—I grant all this; I know there is an incertitude, a very painful kind of doubtfulness, hanging upon the reception, and ultimate fate, of literary labour.—No matter, every man hopes the best, otherwise no man would write at all: but besides, was it ever known that such an elegant ———

——— I will never suppose it. What! condemn to quiet and obscure repose, such an elaborate, learned, humorous, comical, serious, droll, witty kind of a composition; on a subject, or subjects if you please, unique in their nature, and perfectly untried, at least on this side of the Atlantic? I will not believe it. I have far too high an opinion of the taste and discernment of Philadelphians; albeit they are a very soberminded people, and much of the matter-of-fact phlegm of the children of Penn be discernible in them to this day. Still, soberminded as they are, they will not put up this animated, nice, light little present, to must and moulder on the shelf, in company with "Burnet's History of his Own Time," "Guiciardini's Wars of Pisa," "Gregorio Leti's Life of Sixtus V.," and "Boerhaave's De Necessitate Explorandi," &c. (the Physicians know the rest.)

But to proceed.

Know then, Gentle Reader—but first, please mark my politeness, I call you gentle in compliance with the very *mannerly* example of the authors of the "olden times;" an example which, by the bye, modern writers, almost to a man, have been *unmannerly* enough to dis-

regard. Uninfluenced by this modern degeneracy, I call you gentle, though I know not what claims you may have to the title; though, speaking in the language of the Great Unknown, or the \*Fustian Weaver, (as the President would designate him) in one of his books, "The Monastery," as well as I can recollect, I know not whether you are a man of mean, or a man of might—his words are,

" Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night,  
A man of mean or a man of might?"

by which I take it, though I will not be positive, that the man of fustian must intend, a man of low degree, or a man of power. In this ignorance of your quality, reader, to term you gentle, implies a great stretch of urbanity, on my part; in return for which, I only beg, that you will exercise the quality I ascribe to you, in your consideration of some of the faults, which, in good honest seriousness I tell you, that you will meet in the following letters, particularly if you be any thing of a scholar; any thing at all *near* the degree of the editor of the National Gazette—

" Whose favor who shall find."

Let him however not be angry, we are in perfect good-

\* See Mr. Adams's oration, 4th July 1822—alluding to the British, he says, " Come forward ye manufacturers of fustian romance."—Now if the Great Unknown be not here pointed at, I have no discernment.

humour with him, and shall be a vast deal more so, if he spare us, *a little praise*.

“ I want not all the laurel, but a twig,  
Then hear me guardians of the sacred tree;  
And stick a leaf or two, about my wig.”

P. PONDAR.

But to proceed in good earnest.

Residing in the winter of —— in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre, I was every evening much annoyed, with the confusion and noise in the street,—vain were all my efforts to read; I could not understand a single sentence,—I often gave attention to what was passing under my windows, at which I was sometimes amused.—I tried to write, but with no better success: for in fact, I found my hand, involuntarily inditing, the coarse interrogatories, and the uncouth responses that resounded in my ears from the assembled multitude below. My situation was thus, not very dissimilar from that of Hogarth’s enraged musician; there was, however, happily for me, this difference between our respective circumstances, namely, that while for him, there was no imaginable relief, I could, if I took what I heard, for my subject, write myself out of my distress. Accordingly, proceeding with parliamentary etiquette, I notified the multitude, that if there was not more order and decorum, *their words should be taken down*. Strange as it may appear, this notice had no manner of effect; at least none that I could perceive; if there was any, it was like the impalpable powder of the pharmacopolists, it could

not be felt. I therefore commenced describing what I saw and heard.—Amusing myself in this way for some time, in my own defence against *ennui*, I thought that a higher object was within reach.—It occurred to me, that a sketch of the manners of that description of persons, to be met with about the theatre, might not be altogether without its interest, perhaps its usefulness; it might for instance, assist in marking what they were at the time the picture was drawn. We know that writers have taken much trouble, to learn precisely, the language, sentiments, and manners, of the lower orders; and while the higher object above alluded to, was being obtained, the description also, afforded much entertainment. Scenes such as these, drawn from European cities, have furnished abundance of wit; the lower orders in Dublin, are proverbially witty. An instance of Irish humour occurs to my recollection, and perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning it here.—I must premise that in Ireland, when a person is about half-drunk, he is said to be *hearty*. I was one night, in the course of my travels at an Irish theatre to hear Madam Catalani, the opera was the *Semiramide*. Madam Catalani, in one of the acts, was singing on the fore-ground of the stage, while a male performer was far retired on the back ground; his business was, at every fall, to sing “*Chez hartz.*” Having repeated this several times, and the pronunciation appearing in sound, very like a charge on Catalani’s sobriety, a gallant Irishman in the gallery, a very bad Italian scholar I suppose, called out indignantly, “*she is not hearty, youascal, she is as sober as you are.*”

It would be difficult to give such a picture of life and manners, language and sentiments, in this portion of the community of Philadelphia, as would be likely to be very successful. The lineaments of the original, are not so striking, as to make the likeness easily recognised. There is perhaps nothing as yet, sufficiently national, and characteristic,—nothing *peculiar* enough, to afford materials for happy representation. In this respect, therefore, the first of these letters, can only be considered, an imperfect sketch; the pretensions of which are very humble indeed, and rest chiefly, on the entertainment it may be found capable of affording.—The second is a very different matter, and it befits us, to speak of it here very gravely, which we shall endeavour to do.

In treating of female excellence, I have almost openly used the names, and partly described the accomplishments, mental and personal, of several ladies in the higher walks of life, in Philadelphia. Now I believe, there are some persons, of such a morbid and fastidious delicacy, as really, and sincerely to decline, *even honest praise*; and there may be others who would *affect* to decline it. From these, censure may possibly come. I trust, and believe, the number of both is small; but unquestionably, if there be any, they are entitled to every satisfactory explanation that can possibly be given.

I hold it to be a sort of axiom in ethics, and (if conceded) in political economy also, that *private virtue*, is *public property*—He who can augment the aggregate sum of good, in a community, renders a service to his

country; and it can scarcely be considered an invasion of private right if, in the attainment of such an object, or even the endeavour to attain it, he employs the property which the public have, in *private virtue*. No one will deny the propriety of holding up worth and excellence, to general approbation, and well merited applause; any more, than he can challenge the right which every man has, to impugn private vice where it exists, and is practised, in such a manner, as to corrupt and contaminate social life. The former, confirms the virtuous, in the exercise of virtue, and stimulates the many, to acquire and practise all that is entitled to esteem, and worthy of being imitated. The latter deters the vicious, from the continuance in vicious practices. But the mere general praise of what is good, will fall short of its object, if it be not exemplified by living instances. In religion, how great is the efficacy of such illustration, needs not here be mentioned. If, therefore, any of my fair readers, should feel any unpleasantness, in finding themselves enrolled, in this little record, I can only say, that I would most certainly prevent that unpleasantness, did I but know the quarter where there was danger of its being felt.—At the same time, certain it is, that this feeling, is one, to which they will be always liable, so long as they possess the qualities, which all the world ever have admired, and ever will admire; and so long, as there exists a hand, to paint those virtues, which adorn their characters, and which are, indeed, at once the ornament, and the solace, of social life.





**TO COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.**

**LETTER FIRST.**

**B**



## TO COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.

### LETTER FIRST.

You desire to hear something, dear Tom, of the players,  
For of them you think more, as I judge, than your prayers;  
But of such merry folks, I know nothing at all,  
Nor their *House*, except merely its pretty front wall;  
To talk of the players is therefore absurd,  
But the building's exterior demands just a word.

Its columns Corinthian, in Italy sculptured,  
Attest how the arts 'mongst ourselves have been cultured,  
Fluted off and got up without flaw or disaster,  
What a shame they omitted to flute the \*pilaster;  
Their arrangement is neat, and supporting—but rot it,  
A pediment—only the builder forgot it.

\* The columns are fluted—Quere, should not the pilaster at each extremity of the colonnade be fluted also. But this I leave to the critics.

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**TO COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.**

**LETTER FIRST.**



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### LETTER FIRST.

You desire to hear something, dear Tom, of the players,  
For of them you think more, as I judge, than your prayers;  
But of such merry folks, I know nothing at all,  
Nor their *House*, except merely its pretty front wall;  
To talk of the players is therefore absurd,  
But the building's exterior demands just a word.

Its columns Corinthian, in Italy sculptured,  
Attest how the arts' mongst ourselves have been cultured,  
Fluted off and got up without flaw or disaster,  
What a shame they omitted to flute the \*pilaster;  
Their arrangement is neat, and supporting—but rot it,  
A pediment—only the builder forgot it.

\* The columns are fluted—Quere, should not the pilaster at each extremity of the colonnade be fluted also. But this I leave to the critics.

In the wings are two statues well carvéd in wood,  
 Whose figure, costume, and position are good;  
 But often with me you would pity their case,  
 Having no one to brush off the dust from their face;  
 For the sisters sometimes are so very much soiled,  
 That their beauty is dimmed and their graces all spoiled.  
 But this we pass by, not intending to seek  
 Any subject for censure or snarling critique.  
 Who are *they*?—On the left frowns a tragedy queen,  
 With her poniard and bowl, potent cures for the spleen;  
 Or the headache, or heartache, misfortune, or strife,  
 And she offers a choice, when you're tired of your life.  
 Kind soul! we shan't mind your good nostrums to-night;  
 But who's the gay goddess that smiles on the right?

Ah ha! dear miss Comedy, good pleasant creature,  
 Is it you, my young flirt? queen of fun, and good nature;  
 Ever leering and laughing, in frolicksome vein,  
 As\* ready to rout every remnant of pain,

\* The alliteration here, was not intended; it was purely accidental:  
 I think as little of this rhetorical flourish as Dr. Johnson himself.  
 The most remarkable of them that I have ever met, occurs in  
 Goethe's Sorrows of Werter—Every reader will recollect it, in the  
 translation.

“ And Walheim's waving willows weep thy wo.”

In this line there are seven words, five of which begin with the  
 same letter.

Whether mental, or corp'ral, whatever its measure,  
 And give us, instead, blithe sensations of pleasure.  
 Merry goddess! we thank you, and shall be your scholars,  
 When our purses are better supplied with mill'd dollars,  
 Then your mirror and mask shall enliven the soul,  
 Proper contrasts, I ween, to the dagger and bowl.—  
 Then Melpomené's sock we shall quit for thy mask,  
 And to cheer and instruct be thy livelier task:  
 And shall laugh not the less, at thy comical elves,  
 Tho' thou peep from thy vizor, and say they're *ourselves*.

But, by Cumberland's pen, let the moral be taught,  
 And Farquhar's gay muse on thy boards too be brought.  
 Be Sheridan's wit never absent too long;  
 And with Gay thou wilt sometimes regale us with song.  
 Let O'Keeffe on thy boards very often appear,  
 And Goldsmith's few pieces a few times a year.  
 Let the plays of the Old School be purged of their dross;  
 But to give up their gold would be infinite loss.  
 Let Lionel's worth its full value impress,  
 And Jessamy teach our own dandies to dress.  
 By Clarissa instructed, our young girls shall choose,  
 Men of learning and sense, and shall foplings refuse.

Thus profit with pleasure so sweetly shall blend,  
 All the rational world will thy banquet attend.



But enough.—You will pardon, dear Tom, this digression.

The hint of the Muse, you know, must have expression.—  
And now for a spice of what passes *outside*,  
The *within* we surrender to riches and pride;  
Pro temporé only, for not the least pique,  
Do I feel towards the members of corps dramatique.

Now you know, Cousin Tom, that Will Skakspear, the  
sage,  
Has told us, that all this great world is a stage;  
And the men, and the women, mere players, mark that;  
On this sapient hint I proceed, *verbum sat*.  
Let the audience *inside* then, enjoy Tom and Jerry,  
With the players *outside*, you and I shall be merry.

Know then, where gay Chesnut, and Sixth, intersect,  
You remember the place; at that corner direct,  
Where Burk fits the beaus, so exact to their shapes,  
Or invests them in bang-ups, with quintuple capes;  
And transforms Philadelphians to Scots—'tis no joke,  
By enclosing each cit in a warm Tartan cloak;—  
Upstairs in this building, so central and handy,  
Harry Stell help'd his friends to clear water and brandy;  
And a Spanish cigar, for they all took to smoking;  
And right happy were they with the wit and the joking,

Passing current below, with each comical crony,  
Which they heard from their station in Stell's high balcony.\*

Here snug and at ease, like a justice of quorum,  
Without envying those with cigars and a jorum,  
The † "*clamorque virum exoritur*," stop  
All quotations,—then just over Burk's clothing shop,  
The commingled shouts from my players ascend,  
Which I give, to amuse you, my pleasant gay friend;

\* What earthly possessions, what human happiness, can be considered *permanent*. This elegant retreat for the lovers of brandy and water; aye, and mantling ale too, has since been reassumed by Mr. Burk, and by him, alas! unkindly turned to the more sober, but less exhilarating purposes, of a wareroom for fashionable clothing—What a lamentable perversion!

"Low lies that house, where nut-brown draughts inspired."

† The classic reader will recollect that grand, but unfortunate line in the *Æneid*,

"*Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum.*"

LIB. II. l. 313.

Unhappily for the accuracy of Virgil's delineation, there were no tubæ (trumpets) used at the time of the sacking of Troy.—Some of the annotators speaking of this, and similar mistakes of the poets, say, A practice as absurd, to use the allusion of Voltaire, as it was for certain Italian and Flemish painters, to represent the Virgin Mary with a chaplet of beads hanging at her girdle; to place Swiss guards at the door of the apartment of Pharoah; and to mix cannons and carabines with the ancient arrows in the battles of Joshua.—Caustic Voltaire!

Right common and proper, grotesque, and polite,  
 You shall have, to afford you an hour's delight.

## THE COACHMAN.

"Want a coach, Sir," a hackney calls out to two beaus,  
 "No, rascal," says one, and betakes him to blows.  
 Poor Jehu, not liking the hard marble slip,  
 Against which he was stretch'd, he now seizes his whip,  
 And twanging it furious, with cruel momentum,  
 Gave a bitter reply to the youth's argumentum.  
*Dum hæc gerebantur*, but you won't allow Latin,  
 A nymph passing by, dress'd in pellisse of satin,  
 Perverting jocosely a line from "The Rose,"  
 Which you oft quote from Cowper, when weary with  
 prose;

"And such is the pitiless part," she exclaimed,  
 "He acts by a delicate creature—how maimed!  
 Lord! the ruffian imagines he's whipping his horse,  
 His blows are so rapid, so heavy, so coarse."  
 "No, no," cries a youth, "you're mistaken, my lass,  
 For he knows well enough, he's chastising an ass."  
 "What rumpus is here?" "I'm knock'd down," "What  
 a pity!"  
 "Hot oysters!" a negro bawls, "best in the city."

"To the squires come along." Cuffee roars, "*pepperpot!*"  
 While a sable copartner re-echoes, "*all hot!*"  
 "You 're in fault, sir, the aggressor." "Hot oysters!"  
 they cry,  
 "Very nice, I 'll assure you."—"I say 'tis a lie."—  
 To the squire's now they hustled, with hideous uproar,  
 And the dandy and coachman, I heard of no more;  
 So we leave them to settle the matter in doubt,  
 For all in another point, springs up a rout.

## THE STUDENT.

"By Jove," cries a Student "I've lost half a dollar."  
 "Oh, ho!" shout the boys, "twig the Virginy scholar!"  
 "Go be hanged," the Virginian calls out, in a fret;  
 "Bring a candle, I think I shall find the piece yet."  
 "Come along," his companion now urges, "don't mind,  
*Miser est qui nummos admiratur.*" "You 're kind,"  
 Says the seeker quite busy, with taper before him,  
 "But that 's not the way, *\*renovare dolorem.*"

\* The student certainly intended to be witty here, and his friend seems to have understood him perfectly, in making "*renovare dolorem*," *renew the dollar*.—I suppose these young gentlemen had perhaps been lately reading "*The Miseries of Human Life*," where the facetious author, makes "*lentus in umbra*," archly stand for, *lent us an umbrella*—but such perversions should not be encouraged.

**"Very true," says his friend, "but you'll find to your cost,  
You renew the grief only, while the dollar is lost."**

## **THE GRISETTS.**

**Now a hack-coach approaches, with noise most con-  
founding,  
The whip of the driver, from his lean beasts resounding;  
"Yaw hup! clear the way there," he roars out amain,  
Some great envoy he brings, with despatches from Spain,  
Or, some one engaged in the cause of the Greeks,  
And charg'd with despatches, the President seeks.**

**Or, may be, this coach with such flourish and capers,  
Brings up some great writers, of some daily papers;  
Those champions so doughty, who now rule the roast,  
And settle the state, as they butter their toast.  
Who put Shultze 'tother day, in the chair of the state,  
And now, drunk with success, and with triumph elate,  
They assume, and no doubt the assumption is fair,  
For General Jackson, the President's chair,—  
Now Shultze disoblige, by refusing a place,  
And as sure as the sun, he falls into disgrace,  
He's abused, in his turn, by some angry declaimer,  
And off he must march, to make room for *George Kremer*.**

Thus the people are saved all the toil and the trouble,  
Of a choice,—for election, dear Tom, is a bubble.

Now take care how you *think*, and 'twere still more  
absurd,  
Against these great persons, to *utter a word*;  
For of Freedom and Rights, though they make much pro-  
fession,  
Yet with fury they punish the slightest digression,  
From the dictum of faction, or drunken hob-nobs,  
From the man of *their* choice, or the idol of mobs;  
And seizing their victim, like Procrustes his prey,  
They shorten or stretch him, to the measure they lay.

But hush! hush! not a word, 'tis unwise and unfit,  
For all we have to do is just tamely submit.  
The coach full in front of the box-doors now stops,  
And his passengers precious, the driver soon drops.—  
Who are they I pray you?—Miss Poll and Miss Sally,  
Clear-starchers and washers, from Blackbery Alley;  
With spruce brother Bill, so smerking and dapper,  
In somebody's warehouse, the tenth understrapper.—  
*Parturiunt montes*,—but no more of quotation,  
Lest it seem as if boasting my bright education.

## THE TAILOR.

Now just under my eye, while the carriages rattle,  
 A rumpus begins, an incipient battle;  
 Here a crowd gathers round, and soon thickens, "What?  
 What?"  
 "What 's the fun? What 's the fun?" while they haste to  
 the spot.  
 "Is 't a battle?" "don't know," says a primitive quaker,  
 "Thou may'st judge for thyself." "So I shall," says the  
 speaker;  
 Then hustling the crowd, right and left, he soon enter'd,  
 Where the point was discussed, where the quarrel was  
 centred.

Here two doughty heroes in contest engaged,  
 Somewhat merry they seem'd, yet still were enraged,  
 In rude contact they came, and the one lost his watch,  
 A tailor he was, and they called him a botch.  
 His opponent, a watchman, coarse, clumsy, and fat,  
 His high office imported, by billet on hat.  
 "You insult me," he bawls out, "in this very street,  
 Where I watch your night slumbers, pray\* sirs, is this  
 meet?"

\* A friend objected to this passage,—he said it is not likely that a watchman would remonstrate thus, in a row in the street. I an-

And when seeking your safety, you hit me a smack."—  
 "A lie," roars the tailor, ("very nice!" roars the black.)  
 "I maintain 'tis good law, in Greek, English, or Scotch,  
 If you watch me for pay, you should pay for my watch."  
 "Come, come," cries a third, "leave this bustle and pother,  
 Shake hands and be friends, just like brother and brother."

"I'm agreed," then says Stitch, "perhaps I was in fault."  
 "So am I," says the watch, "tho' he gave the assault."—  
 Now they reel'd off together, in peace reconcil'd;  
 Whilst the crowd loudly laugh'd, and the quaker too,  
 smil'd.

## THE FARMERS.

The tumult here ceasing, two farmers came down:  
 Says ~~John~~ <sup>Jose</sup>, "Philadelphia's a wonderful town,  
 Look at here for *Playhouse*, such a tarnal expense,  
 Incurred by these folks, who pretend to good sense;  
 Such pillars, and posts, and such lamps all a blazing,  
 Such *winders*, and doors; ~~what~~ <sup>why</sup> my soul, 'tis amazing—  
 Where on earth, neighbour ~~Jose~~, could the money come  
 from?"

"I know not," says ~~Jose~~ <sup>John</sup>, pray do you, cousin Tom.

swered that I did not describe what a watchman would be likely to say on such an occasion, but what he *actually did say*. This occurrence is faithfully taken down as it happened.



Now Joe, though a man of much honest simplicity,  
 Could yet practise a joke, on his neighbour's rusticity.  
 "But suppose," said he, "Jonathan, you and I pay,  
 Just for once in our lives, to see this here stage play;  
 What would Rachel, and Deb, and all Bucks County  
 say.

—We should see the fine folks, all arranged in their  
 places,  
 And the ladies, be sure, with their shawls, and rich laces  
 Bedizen'd with beads, showy ribands, and rings,  
 Grand head gear, and gauze, and all manner of things.

"Then the players trick'd out just like kings and  
 queens,  
 And you'd see them come forward from behind the  
 screens,—  
 My soul! how our folks, and the neighbours would squint,  
 As if eating sour apples, or hot-biting mint,  
 While hearing the news of this grand *raree show*,  
 Which still, they'd be keenly desirous to know,"—  
 ——"I guess so they would, and I'll tell thee, my friend,  
 They'd say that the world is now near to its end,  
 And that folks would do well to betake to their prayers,  
 Since Jonathan Pennel, goes after stage players:  
 Nay, nay, good friend Josey, no stage plays for me,  
 And for aught that I know, they're as useless to thee."

## THE PURES.

Two females now passing, of puritan face,  
 All starch'd up and stiffen'd with sanctified grace,  
 Viewed the house with deep horror, with pious despair.—  
 "'Tis a sink of corruption," says one,—"'tis a snare,"  
 "'Tis the focus of sin, 'tis the root of all evil.—  
 In short," says the other, "'tis the house of the Devil."—  
 "As was said to the fig-tree, ne'er to be forgotten,  
 Henceforth let no fruit grow on thee, till rotten,  
 And fading, away, to the dust thou shalt fall,  
 Dried up and decay'd, root, branches, and all."

"Be so kind, my good ladies, to tell us, an't please ye,  
 What this here fine house can have done\* so to teaze ye,"  
 Cried an arch wag, who listened to this imprecation,  
 Astonished to see them so chafed with vexation.  
 "When the wicked one's flag is unfurl'd, I care not,  
 Who 's offended, for my part, I'll cry out, and spare not."  
 "Right enough" cries the wag, "and so answered bold  
 Kremer,  
 When Clay wish'd to prove him an odious defamer:"

\* This boy certainly must have read Virgil, for he seems to have  
 had on his mind, the address of Venus to Jupiter,

"Quid meus Æneas in te committere tantum  
 Quid Troes potuere."

"I despise," cried the saint, "both Kremer and Clay,  
And all else, that are thronging destruction's *broad way*."  
"That 's a street in New York, but I never till now,  
Thought it led to destruction; do please tell us how."  
"You 're as bad as the rest, you young sinner, I see,  
So I'll quit this vile place, and the wicked, and thee;  
But I warn you to flee from this infamous den,  
For as cobwebs catch flies, so this place catches men."

Having now, my friend Tom, for your edification,  
Amusement, and pleasure, and sage contemplation,  
Sketch'd the humour and wit, of that part of the mass,  
Of the people we meet, in our streets as we pass;  
My next shall review the refin'd and polite,  
But this letter 's already too long, so *good night*!

**TO COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.**

**LETTER SECOND.**



## TO COUSIN TOM IN NEW YORK.

### LETTER SECOND.

So you say, Cousin Tom, my last letter was droll,  
Half serious, half merry, confused on the whole;\*  
A jumble of coachmen, squires, students and tailors;  
Negroes, governors, Greeks, dandies, presidents, railers.  
With some flourish of learning, of witsome faint flashing,  
Sometimes rather dull, and sometimes rather dashing;  
Of satire some spice, just to keep off the vapours,  
But my actors were low, with extravagant capers;  
And the quiddities quaint of each comical crony,  
You 'd exchange for some higher *dramatis personæ*.

Quite enough, learned Sir, you 're severe, but proceed—  
I shall only request you with temper to read.

\* Rather a strange critique this of Tom's, on a letter, the express object of which was, to *describe* a scene of *confusion*.

## THE HAUT TON.

And now in an orderly line of succession  
 By the curbstone the carriages come in procession,  
 Giving strong indication of *house overflowing*,  
 To the managers' coffers a replenish bestowing;  
 Most important this point, in theatrical trade,  
 For the muse, my dear Tom, without cash is a jade.

They alight on the pavé, and the spectators mark,  
 By the lamps' brilliant blaze, every belle and her spark.  
 Their mammas and their aunts, and their thirty-first  
 cousins,  
 Young and old, maids and matrons, now crossing by  
 dozens.

Here were fashion, and beauty, and exquisite taste,  
 Rich attire, well arranged, from the crown to the waist,  
 Where the cincture well clasp'd, told exact the dimension  
 Of each sylph's slender figure, at its greatest declension:  
 Thence rounding in symmetry down by degrees,  
 The light form sustained, by feet almost Chinese.—

Now connoisseur Tom, had you only been there,  
 How you'd wonder and rave; how you'd sigh and you'd  
 stare,

Of their charms you would dream for a twelvemonth at  
 least,  
 For your optics had never so precious a feast.

“What brilliant blue eyes!” I should hear you exclaim;  
 “That nose is true Grecian,—this face rather tame.  
 That girl is witty, I swear by her chin,  
 Those curls, little syren, will hook the beaux in,  
 That girl is a singer, I vouch at a venture,  
 For between her bright eyes you observe an indenture,  
 What fine creature is that with such sweet dimpled  
 cheeks,  
 ’Tis the same that we saw at the ball for the Greeks.”

Thus distracted from one to another you ’d pass,  
 All anxious to see every beautiful lass;  
 With your long neck and head, poking out like a stork,  
 You ’d admit that we bear off the bell from New York.—

Of the promise I made, as you well recollect,  
 In my last, the fulfilment you now will expect;  
 But observe, my good friend, it is only a sketch,  
 And a short one indeed, that my object can reach.—  
 All the fair of our city, a volume ’twould take  
 Of their various endowments e’en briefly to speak;  
 Besides there are many, as every one knows,  
 Who never attend on theatrical shows,



And many that do, being not quite so sainted,  
 With whom your good friend is by no means acquainted,  
 But the fair that pass'd by on that night as I know them,  
 I shall now with faint pencil endeavour to show them.—

Say Muse, who Sir Walter most ably inspired,  
 To sing of the beauties all Scotland admired,  
 In the Fifth James's court in the good olden times,  
 And like modern belles, in good modern rhymes,  
 Who in Marmion trip it, so blithely along,  
 The glory at once, and the grace of the song;  
 Say Muse, and assist a less arduous flight,  
 Who, and what were the Fair, that appeared on this night.  
*Living* worth and perfection I seek to portray,  
 Oh Goddess infuse all thy mind in the lay.—

Say then,—but let epic apostrophe cease,  
 This is neither the time, nor the subject, nor place,  
 And besides now my memory serves somewhat better,  
 I remember, I merely am writing a letter.—

## THE FAIR.

First El—a with well-bred and elegant air,  
 Without stiffness so polish'd, without knowing it, fair,  
 Without effort attractive, engaging all hearts,  
 And unskill'd in the ~~toils~~ of beauty's soft arts.

With a mind pure as light, from the fountain of day.  
 And a face which reflects only purity's ray;  
 Her sweet innocent smile speaking innate good nature,  
 Her form so correct, and so winning each feature.  
 In fine, it is only just saying what 's due  
 Grace and loveliness meet in the charming M<sup>a</sup>-k<sup>e</sup>.

---

With her matchless black eyes, and her raven-like  
 locks,  
 Now approaching with grace, comes the sweet E--r C<sup>o</sup>xe,  
 Beaus, beware of your hearts, here advances your queen,  
 Who to be beloved, needs but to be seen;  
 Whose well furnished mind, sweetest temper and grace,  
 In rivalry vie with fine figure and face;  
 Her conquests are certain, while Judgment exists,  
 And Virtue her votaries brings to the lists,  
 For her conquest however, our sighs be repress'd  
 As the partner of E--r must surely be blessed.

---

But what star is next in this bright constellation;  
 It is Ch--n, sweet cherub! all fire animation.  
 This earth is too low to detain her among  
 Fellow-mortals—to heaven she soars right along.

Stay, dear nymph, thou wilt find, that the blessings on  
 earth,  
 Are worth tasting, and wait thy respectable birth,  
 Soon, to soon, from this earth thy loved spirit will rise,  
 To mix with the gods in its kindred skies,  
 And consider, though thou would'st be off in a flout,  
 That we can scarce think thee as yet half brought out.  
 Devotion and service, almost adoration,  
 Thou 'lt receive from the youth of this only free nation,  
 For though to kings they deny that their homage is due,  
 Rely on 't, my fair, they 'll concede it to you.

The Miss R———ns are here, whose minds a rich  
 treasure,  
 Of excellence, knowing no limit or measure;  
 Not mere negative virtues, their high name exalt;  
 Though no slight praise it is, to be free of all fault.  
 Pure as light, like the spirits celestial above,  
 Breathing kindness, benignity, charity, love,

If to seek out the wretched, their woes to assuage,  
 If to succour the helpless—to comfort old age,  
 If the widow to cheer, with a tender address,  
 If to dry up the tears of poignant distress,  
 If the hungry to feed, if the orphan protect,  
 Are the labours of love which claim all our respect

If these be the dictates of Heaven, allowed,  
 And of which all mankind, but the doer, is proud;  
 By example and precept, this lesson is taught,  
 By their sire, whose benevolent heart is full fraught  
 With love to his Maker, most remarkably shown,  
 In a love for his creatures, almost like His own.

In such sentiments nurtured, Miss R—l—tns I see,  
 What your hearts, and your lives, and your actions must  
 be.

The Miss M—d—ths now in the bright circle move  
 Majestic, and claim our respect and our love.  
 By a mother's fond care, great research and deep thought,  
 The mind that informs, their fine persons was fraught  
 With the riches of ancient and modern lore,  
 With science and truth from philosophy's store,  
 With religion's sound tenets and precepts divine,  
 Blended up with the riches of learning's deep mine.

Accomplished, and learn'd, with dignified grace,  
 The sweet B—n—ey appears, and claims a high place  
 In the records of fashion and taste from the muse,  
 A claim which I trust she will never refuse;

For learning's high title, who e'er holds the pen,  
Is paramount, whether in women or men.

But she comes, the sweet nymph of the dark hazel eye,  
Her fine features bespeaking intelligence high.  
She comes, deeply read in the erudite page,  
Of philosopher, poet, historian, and sage.  
Fair Science directed the promising child,  
And quickened her course, while the Muses all smil'd  
At her wonderful powers, and a chaplet they wove  
To deck the fair brows of the nymph of their love;  
Great Apollo approved, when to him it was shown,  
And adopted fair B—n—ey, a child of his own.

— *of the hand*  
Next resplendent in beauty the H—zle—sts shone,  
In the throng, with naviette and grace all their own.  
Their manners not drawn from Miss This one or That,  
Nor their words made to square with each circle's chit  
chat,

From the stores of their own native fancy and mind,  
In converse they're happy, in manners refined,  
And the new whims of Fashion from them get a grace,  
As well able to keep the gay Pow'r in her place.

J—l—na comes first with so perfect a figure,  
That quite ruined you 'd think it, if smaller or bigger,

With fine features expressing much power of mind,  
 And though firm, yet sweet, though determined, yet kind.  
 For most amiably good is her excellent heart,  
 A fine object 'tis certain, for Cupid's sly dart,  
 And from whatever quarter the weapon be sped,  
 Love is blind, we must say, but his *judgment*'s not dead.

Miss B—tsey I wish I could paint to my mind,  
 One more elegant pass'd not, nor remains yet behind:  
 From her mother she borrows a beautiful face,  
 Education supplies every elegant grace;  
 In the parlance of fashion when a girl's call'd good,  
 That she's plain,—downright ugly, will be understood,  
 This trite rule I aver, in this case must be slighted  
 For in B—tsey we find worth and beauty united.

In speaking of M—y no inflated praise,  
 Is required, her numerous merits to raise,  
 And believe me, dear coz, 'twere entirely absurd,  
 Beyond truth and justice to utter one word.  
 She is marked by nice taste, fine sense, and good breeding,  
 And Miss M—y besides is a girl of reading,—  
 Her cheek has the delicate tint of the rose,  
 And you wish her to laugh, her fine teeth to disclose,  
 Brilliant piercers her eyes, jetty black is her hair,  
 Even such is Miss M—y, so good and so fair.

15/1/40  
Who next on the pavé alights?—Can it be  
Miss G—ff—th that I have the pleasure to see?  
Yes, she comes with a lofty and dignified mien,  
Not a fault in her elegant figure is seen,  
It is symmetry all—and her dark sparkling eyes  
Beam a lustre that seems to descend from the skies,—  
But to talk of her beauty, her hair, her complexion,  
Fine features, approaching almost to perfection,  
Is the least of her praise; for a well cultured mind,  
Rises higher, and leaves all these graces behind;  
Her rich mental powers in full vigour will stay,  
When personal charms must submit to decay.  
She comes, with an amiable, elegant air,  
And claims high regards in this host of the fair;  
She comes, and is hail'd by the muse as a theme,  
From the flower-fringed banks of sweet Raritan's stream;  
From culling and tending the odorous flowers,  
Rear'd by her fair hands, for her roseate bowers;  
From the learned retreat, from the muse's own shrine,  
And the harmonic feast for Apollo divine;  
Where the valleys and wood-lands in full concert ring,  
And the birds cease their warbling to hear M—y sing.

Sweet minstrel! 'tis yours, with the soul-touching lay,  
To console life's afflictions, chase sorrow away,

To banish that care which corrodes in the breast,  
 To sooth us to joy, till we deem ourselves bless'd.  
 It is yours in the elegant circle to shine,  
 And with wit to relieve conversation's decline,  
 Taste and learning are yours, and accomplishments rare,  
 To adorn a nymph more than commonly fair.

And Miss H—rr—t her sister whose powers to rehearse,  
 Would require a most lively and eloquent verse.  
 With piercing black eyes, quite akin to her hair,  
 And akin to both these, animation and air,  
 With an insight so quick, in one hour she 'll tell,  
 Of character what you and I could not spell,  
 In whole months of acquaintance —yet modest, retiring,  
 Seeking no admiration, she goes on admiring  
 Perfections in others, but trust me, my friend,  
 To no slender perfections, may H—r—t pretend.

---

Next of two pretty sisters we greet the advance,  
 Link'd arm in arm—they 're the An—ws from France.  
 In their mien so engaging, so modest their air,  
 In their habit so simple, in complexion so fair,  
 To some Arcadian village, you'd say they belong,  
 That is fancied by poets, and figured in song.



But the elegant grace in their manners we find,  
 Demonstrates more modern culture refined,  
 The most polished of all the great nations on earth,  
 Claims title to their education and birth;  
 Their lineage still is American true,  
 And we 'll keep them here safely, be sure, *entre nous*.

But where is your cousin, my excellent creatures?  
 An A—ws too of nice form and fine features;  
 Can it be that fair N—cy is gone to a rout?  
 You answer me no, for she 's not yet brought out,—  
 'To some future poet her praise will belong,  
 To ennoble his verse, and adorn his song,  
 With a figure as fine as Praxiteles wrought,  
 Her complexion is fair as his marble first brought:  
 With a mind highly cultur'd—with taste debonair,  
 Imbued with sound knowledge, with especial care,  
 And religion's high tenets, by example enhanced,  
 And virtue's pure precepts by learning advanced.  
 Such N—cy is now, and 'tis easy to see,  
 What in future this elegant girl will be;  
 But perhaps I have dwelt on a portrait too long,  
 Scarcely yet the legitimate subject of song.

---

The Miss C—ys are next, in whom we shall find  
 Accomplishments high, both of person and mind;

With advantages such as on few are bestowed,  
 Their fine talents improved what to birthright they owed,  
 With feelings, which Goodness herself would have given,  
 And hearts almost fitting the blessed in heaven.  
 With kindness and love towards humanity blest,  
 Those esteem them the most who know them the best,—  
 Thus endowed and accomplished with happy effect,  
 High claims they possess to regard and respect,  
 First their own innate worth and great personal merit,  
 Next a sire's *active* virtue, and great public spirit,  
 A man whose whole soul to do good is devoted,  
 And by whom public weal has been vastly promoted;  
 Whose ample philanthropy's reach unconfined,  
 Would take in the whole earth, and embrace all mankind.

But they pass, and the next in the train that appear  
 Are the three lovely daughters of L—w—s Cl—p—r;  
 In whose elegant manners and air, you 'd perceive,  
 How great was the care and concern that gave,  
 The culture and finish of fine education,  
 And conferred both refinement and deep information.

First M—y, whose figure, and face, and attire,  
 Are all we approve of, and all we admire;  
 Whilst the cheerful complacence that sits on her brows,  
 A most artless and sweet disposition avows;

Such a contour, dear Tom, without blemish or flaw,  
You 'd say she 's the finest brunette you e'er saw.

Of Caroline and Theresa, whatever their merit,  
Whether meek and retiring, or girls of spirit,  
You 'd find fault with the muse if their praises were sung,  
Because *entre nous*, they 're as yet quite too young.

But who is the fair one now moving along,  
Whose beauty peers high in this beautiful throng,  
Whose eyes snatch'd\* from heaven their azure like hue,  
Nature lending some pigment to deepen the blue;  
Whose figure so perfect, complexion so fair,  
Whose face so angelic, so enchanting whose air.—  
Now take care of your heart; it will prove your undoing  
If you gaze too intensely—'tis E—m—ly E—w—ng.

What fine girl is this in a robe of pale pink,  
With such complexion and features—fair W—lm—r I  
think,  
She 's most justly admired, and I think it my duty,  
To pronounce her to be almost perfect in beauty.

\* “Eripuit cœlo fulmen”—but we were not quite so audacious.

The sweet Ph—ps is next, light and soft as the Graces,  
 Most bewitchingly sweet and expressive her face is,  
 Her mien so majestic, her air like a queen,  
 Though two years ago she was only fifteen.

A fine figure approaches in haste,—my best sketch  
 Must be rapidly made, or she 's out of my reach.  
 Miss R—chie, your humble, nay do not retire  
 In the crowd—'tis a friend would your beauty admire,  
 No compliment fulsome, I bring, for you hate it,  
 And perhaps when you go to the South, you 'd relate it;  
 Then some madcap Don Quixote, or Governor Troup,  
 To demand the *amende* from the poet, might stoop,  
 Yes, a stooping 'twould be, and you very well know it,  
 For who but a madman would fight with a poet.

Bad logic, you say,—I grant it with pleasure,  
 Content, if you're pleased with the rythmus and measure.

But say, modest nymph, to what place can you fly,  
 So secure from intrusion, that the world's quick eye  
 Will not seek out and find you, your charms to gaze on;  
 Be advised, sweetest lass, by the lesson of reason,  
 You can't be exempt from the world's admiring,  
 Till you cease to be good, till your charms are expiring;

If to hear yourself praised, be indeed so distressing,  
Be less lovely, less good, and the world won't be pressing.

And now in such rapid succession they came  
I could scarce get a glimpse e'en to tell them by name,  
Miss B—m—n with voice like the flute or fine fiddle,  
Close followed I saw by the sweet S—y B—dd—e.  
Recognised by fine figure Miss L—w—s appears,  
Then the amiable B—nks, and the mild G—vr—rs,  
Pretty B—ns—ll was there, and she look'd like a goddess,  
But I cannot well say, whether corsets or bodice,  
Kept her neat little figure so compact yet so free,  
But quite perfect it was, or it seemed so to me.  
The H—m—ltns next, pretty B—n, and Miss H—e  
Then the H—lm—ths, and next them Miss R—bts the  
fair,  
Now the lively Miss K—pp—les, — the elegant M—de,  
Pass on and adorn this beauteous parade.

All these nearly equal in person and age,  
And the train seemed to close with the pretty Miss P—ge,  
But still one remains, and though last not the least,  
'Tis G—ll—spie, of Chesnut,—the *Star* of the *West*.

## EXPOSTULATION.

But soft,—don't I hear you, half angry, exclaim,  
 "All your ladies are beauties, all grace, all the same;  
 In the virtues all shining, in accomplishments great,  
 In person all lovely, with learning replete.—  
 The fabulous age of perfection is gone;  
 Have these beautiful creatures no faults?"—*No, not one.*  
 "I am sure there was never a daughter of Eve yet,  
 But had some little fault, or weak point."—*I believe it.*  
 "How then can you paint them all virtue, all beauty,  
 The very pink of excellence and grace?"—*'Tis my duty.*  
 Tell us why, good my friend, and be pleased set us right,  
 Could their mothers e'er claim such attainments?" *Not*

*\*quite.*

"Can they then make their daughters such paragons pure,  
 All lovely, angelic, and good?" *To be sure.*  
 "Downright inconsistency! it is quite provoking,  
 I'll send back your letter unread."—*You are joking.*  
 I'll be plain then, dear Tom, and no longer perplex you,  
 As you know, for the world, I never would vex you.

\* O Matre pulchra, filia pulchrior—HOR. ODE 16.

## THE REPLY SERIOUS.

The fair, whom I feebly attempt to describe,  
 As yet nought but goodness alone could imbibe,  
 For observe, they 're all young, and the tenderest love  
 Has from infancy watch'd them, each fault to reprove,  
 To root out with nice care every noxious weed,  
 With parental affection to sow the good seed,  
 To plant in the heart every sentiment pure,  
 And from evil, the juvenile breast to secure.

To the honour of parents, let all this be told,  
 The assertion will then, perhaps, not seem too bold,  
 That my fair are all faultless, or nearly are so,  
 Though such sceptics as you—may still cry out no, no.

I am free though to grant you, that woman has share,  
 Of humanity's foibles and faults as they are;  
 But hers, are the errors of moral condition,  
 Of relation, of circumstance, sphere, and position;  
 Having little to do with her life's early dawn,  
 When pure as the dew-drops that spangle the lawn,  
 She comes forth blithely laughing in innocent glee,  
 Unconscious of ill in effect or degree.

Not so the virtues that wait in her train,  
 Which sooth human wo, and assuage human pain,

Which sweeten the cup that to mortals is given  
 And a foretaste present, of the blessings of heaven;  
 These from *Nature* she has, by her Maker bestow'd,  
 With charity, kindness, and mercy endow'd;  
 To *incident*, then, her *foibles* are due,  
 Whilst her *virtues* are natural, native, and true.

## FINALE.

I have wandered, my friend, but pray make no complaint,  
 'Twould be rude t'wards the muse to keep her in restraint:  
 We resume our position outside the box lobby,  
 And attend to observe, of each matron the hobby;  
 For 'tis pleasant you know to be just in the way,  
 To hear in a crowd what each person may say.

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The ladies meanwhile their concern made known  
 For their friends, and friends' daughters, as well as their  
 own,

"My dear Mrs— to see these lovely faces,  
 How delighted, I feel, and then that your places,  
 So near ours, is so pleasant."—"Why, Julia in town?  
 What, so soon from New York?"—"How do do, Mrs.  
 B—n."



"Mrs. W—n, how are you? Have you had any letter,  
From Ma, since I saw you?" "Yes, Harriet is better."

"Mrs. L—n—x, I 'm happy,"—"Why dear Mrs. Sc—t!  
I thought it was she, but I fear it is not,  
How like!"—"Mrs. C—xe I rejoice to see you,  
I hope the C—d—rs will be here too."

"They can't, they 've a party, a small one but merry,  
But preferring, for my part, to see Tom and Jerry,  
I declined for our house, and brought E—r along,  
So anxious was she to hear Pearman's fine song."

"What a crowd! what a crush! here, Louisa, my arm,  
Henrietta, come on, love, you 'll meet with no harm,  
I knew Tom and Jerry a full house would bring."

"Good gracious, Eliza, I 've lost my large ring!  
No, no, thank my stars! here it is, I declare,  
At eleven, good Samuel, you 'll be sure to be here."

"Yes Madam," says Sam, and whipp'd off at full trot,  
Whilst the negroes incessantly roared out "all hot."  
'Thus they vanished, my friend, and I wished them right  
merry,

With their quizzical, comical, droll Tom and Jerry.

## THE STAR.

*On hearing a Lady repeat for a child the following  
little stanza.*

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the earth so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.’

Not to light this earthly sphere,\*  
Hath the Almighty fixed thee there,  
For, thy ray, when we are dark,  
Seems but as the glow-worm’s spark.

True, the Tyrian bark in thee,  
Found a faithful guide at sea:  
And Sidonian† seaman bold,  
Blessed his cynosure of old.

\* The fixed stars being at such immense distances from the sun, cannot possibly receive from him so strong a light as they seem to possess; nor indeed any brightness sufficient to make them visible to us. For the sun’s rays must be so scattered and dissipated, before they reach such remote objects, that they can never be transmitted back to our eyes, so as to render these objects visible by reflection. The stars therefore shine with their own native and unborrowed lustre, as the sun does, and since each particular star, as well as the sun, is confined to a particular portion of space, it is plain that the stars are of the same nature with the sun.

† The Sidonians, to whom, or to whose nation Phœnicia, we are indebted for the invention of writing, and for the first attempts at

And more learned moderns now,  
 When the briny deep they plough,  
 With quadrant, needle, chart and scale,  
 By thy guidance often sail.

And though by thy sparkling light,  
 Thou enrich the vault of night,  
 With thy myriad sister-train,  
 Countless as the drops of rain;

Whether plac'd in Taurus' knees,  
 Or, in the weeping Hyades,\*

commercial navigation, always steered their course by Cynosura, (the pole star) in the tail of the smaller Bear—the Grecians by the greater Bear,

“Cynosura petatur Sidoniis, Helicen Graia carina notet.”—OVID.

“And thou shalt be my star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.”—MILTON'S COMUS.

The Phœnicians (the Canaanites of Scripture) were a commercial people in the days of Abraham. The Sidonians carried on an extensive commerce at the time of the Trojan war.

\* Atlas, King of Mauritania, was a very famous astronomer, and according to some, was the first who taught the doctrine of the sphere; on this account, his daughters were turned into stars: the first seven by his queen Pelivene, were called the Pleiades, and are placed in the shoulder of the Bull. The next, also seven in number, are placed in the head of the same constellation, and are called the Hyades, a word which from its Greek derivation signifies to rain. But a more poetical, and more beautiful derivation of their name is this: The Hyades had a beloved brother, named Hyas, who was unfortunately devoured by a lion, and his affectionate sisters were so immoderately grieved, and afflicted for his death, that Jupiter, in compassion, changed them into stars,—and they are justly called Hyades, because showers of tears flow from their eyes to this day.

Or, in Boötes\* whip the Bear,  
Round about the north pole drear;

Or, twinkling in the twins you bring,  
The promises of gentle spring;  
Or, Centaur's foot, or heart of Lion,  
Or, studded belt of rough Orion.

Or, tail of smaller bear on high,  
Polar star of northern sky;  
Or, sparkling in the Virgin's† eye;  
Or in her fair hands, gifts divine,  
Bring to mankind, bread and wine;

Or in the Galaxy's‡ bright field;  
Or in Sobieski's shield;

\* Boötes is represented on the celestial globe as a man in a walking posture, grasping in his left hand a club, and having his right hand extended upwards, holding the cord of the two dogs, Asterion and Chara, which seem to be barking at the Great Bear; hence Boötes is sometimes called the bear driver, and the office assigned him is to drive the bears round about the pole.

† The Virgin's right hand is marked by the star, Spica Virginis, of the first magnitude, or the Virgin's ear of corn; and on her left arm is the star Vinde miatrix, of the second magnitude, or the feminine of wine presser, or wine maker, indicating the time of harvest and vintage. The sun enters this constellation the twenty-second of August.

‡ The Galaxy or Milky-way, is a whitish luminous tract which seems to encompass the Heavens like a girdle, of a considerable though unequal breadth, varying from about four to twenty degrees. It is composed of an infinite number of small stars, which by their joint light, occasion that confused whiteness which we perceive in a clear night, when the moon does not shine very bright. All stars smaller than those of the sixth magnitude, are termed Nebulous or cloudy; so that the Milky-way is a continued assemblage of Nebulae.

Or in Cassiopeia's\* chair,  
Or Berenice's† sacred hair;

Or dire portents, wo presaging,  
And war 'gainst human life still waging,  
Thou art dreaded‡ Sirius raging,  
Where from Sol he just emerges,  
On the horizon's eastern verges;

Or in Medusa's head you stand,  
Grasp'd by Perseus's§ potent hand:

\* Cassiopeia is represented as a beautiful woman, seated in a graceful attitude in an arm-chair, occupied in arranging her dress. She was the queen of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and the mother of Andromeda, whose history is so interesting. We seldom meet, either in our reading or in real life, an instance of a beautiful woman who is ignorant of her charms—accordingly we find that Cassiopeia was unfortunately too well acquainted with hers, and proudly boasted herself more beautiful than Juno and the Nereides. She was,

—that starr'd Ethiop queen, who strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.—MILTON.

† Berenice was the daughter of Philadelphus, and the wife of Evergetes. Her husband going on a dangerous expedition, she vowed to dedicate her hair to Venus if he returned in safety. Evergetes returned victorious, and the locks were accordingly deposited in the temple of the goddess. Some time after, however, they disappeared, and Conon the astronomer, swore that Jupiter carried them up to Heaven, and made them a constellation. Coma Berenices is situated between the Lion's tail and Boötes.

‡ The heliacal rising of Sirius, and the commencement of the dog-days, are too well known to require any illustration.

§ Perseus was a great hero, and every way worthy of being placed among the constellations. He was greatly favoured by the Gods. From Pluto he received a helmet, which had the power of rendering the wearer of it, invisible; without this he could not have

He that hated Gorgon slew,  
 Who petrified those she could view,  
 And her with'ring glance evaded;  
 By black Pluto's helmet shaded:

Or with royal\* Cepheus' daughter,  
 Who chain'd near Joppa doom'd to slaughter,  
 When a hideous monster sought her;  
 Perseus heard her piteous cries,  
 And instant to her succour flies,  
 And the horrid monster dies;

Or in that Crownt† which Bacchus gave,  
 To her who Theseus' life did save,

succeeded against the Gorgons, as Medusa had the power of turning any person she looked at into stone. From Mercury he received a siathe of adamant, and also wings for his feet. From Minerva, he received a shield of brass, so bright that it reflected the images of things like a looking-glass. Thus equipped, it is not to be wondered at, that he performed such great exploits.

\* Andromeda is represented by the figure of a young woman chained by her wrists. She was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, who to preserve his kingdom was obliged to give up his daughter to be devoured by a sea-monster. She was accordingly chained to a rock on the shore near Joppa, in Syria, and at the very moment when the monster was about to destroy her, she was rescued by Perseus.

† When Theseus was shut up in the Labyrinth in Crete, he had two powerful enemies to contend against,—the one, was the Centaur, from whom he delivered himself with his good sword; the other, and perhaps the more formidable, was the intricacy of the place, which was such as almost to forbid the possibility of escape. In this perilous situation, he found assistance and relief in a quarter where perhaps they were but little expected. Ariadne the daughter of Minos, King of the island, loved Theseus, and resolved to deliver him from his danger. For this purpose she drew a clue of thread

Or in that Lyre,\* which Orpheus, strung,  
When to the infernal powers he sung.

Whatever be thy place or name,  
Our inference is still the same,  
That all thy uses to our earth,  
Seem unequal to thy birth.

Say, then, glitt'ring beauteous light,  
On which I gaze with aching sight,  
What other world's bright radiance, say,  
Own thy vivifying sway?

Thou answerest not; then let me learn  
Creation's objects to discern,  
By the universal plan  
Of Nature's laws sublime, and seek those laws to  
scan.

along those walks of the Labyrinth, which led to their final issue into the open country, and by this means Theseus effected his escape. Ariadne followed the fortunes of Theseus in his return, as far as the island of Naxos, where he perfidiously and ungratefully deserted her. In this deplorable situation, Bacchus took pity on her, married her, and gave her a beautiful crown, illuminated with seven stars, called Gnoessia Corona, which after her death was carried among the stars, and made a constellation. In modern times it is known by the name of Corona Borealis or the Northern Crown.

\* It is said that this is the Lyre which Apollo and Mercury gave to Orpheus, and with which he descended into the infernal regions in search of his wife Euridice. Orpheus, after his death, received divine honours; the Muses gave his remains an honourable burial, and his Lyre became one of the constellations.

## TO MISS CATHARINE S —,

*On her leaving school,*

FAR from those haunts where learning loves to stray,  
Far from the friend, who cheered thy studious way;  
Where young ambition urged the friendly strife,  
And forfeit place was mourned like forfeit life;  
Where silver trophies still new triumphs tell,  
And weeping eyes denote what rival fell;  
Thou goest, my Kate, and bid'st thy mates adieu,  
No more to yield the palm, at least to you;  
For other pleasures, schoolday joys resign,  
But ne'er may worse than schoolday griefs be thine!

Let not the world from mem'ry e'er efface  
The joys we knew in learning's noble race;  
When join'd in youthful friendship's rosy bands,  
We visited the shores of distant lands,  
Saw classic beauties in Italia's fields,  
Tasted the sweets which either India yields,—  
Or, fill'd with wondering awe, and trembling dread,  
To Etna's crater, by warm fancy led,  
Beheld the lava's stream destructive glide,  
Down his rough sides, and spread the ruin wide.  
Then climbed to regions of eternal snows,  
Where Chimborazo's\* lofty summits rose,

\* Chimborazo, the highest peak of the Andes is 21,440 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest known elevation on the western continent.



Or, higher Dawalgeri\*, where he breaks  
 Surrounding clouds, and shoots to heav'n his peaks;  
 Or, sometimes thought, in Afric's burning sands,  
 In fix'd despair, where some lone traveller stands,  
 Around in various forms he sees his doom,  
 A pathless desert spreads its awful gloom.  
 Here stalks the sandy pillar's† horrid form—  
 There blasting Simoor's‡ ride the purple storm;  
 Now hissing serpents dart with poison'd breath,  
 While parching thirst announces nearer death:  
*Give me to drink!* despairing, then, he cries,  
*Give me to drink!* his falt'ring voice replies,  
*Give me to drink!* he faints, he sinks, he dies.—

How oft from unblest'd climates have we come,  
 To look at nature's bounties nearer home;  
 In our own Union, whose rich fields extend  
 From farthest Maine to Sabine's final bend.—

\* Dawalageri, the highest peak of the Himmaleh mountains in Thibet, is 27,677 feet above the level of the sea, being the highest known elevation on the globe.

† The sand pillars are raised from the surface of the desert by whirlwinds, and seem to bear a strong analogy to water-spouts at sea. They are awful in the extreme. Mr. Bruce mentions that they follow the course of the wind, and often with such rapidity, that the swiftest horse would in vain attempt to escape them.

‡ From the same traveller we learn, that the Simoora, or poisonous blast from the desert, has the appearance of a haze at a distance, and it is remarkable that its colour is like the purple in the rainbow. —It moves rapidly, and the only chance of escape which the traveller has, is to fall flat upon the ground, for the slightest inhalation of it, is almost instantaneous death.

In all that range of varied clime and soil,  
 What various products bless the ploughman's toil.  
 What the cold north to human wants supplies;  
 Or temp'rate climes bring forth to milder skies;  
 What the warm sun can raise from tropic grounds;  
 These all are found within our country's bounds.

Now would we trace her thousand rivers' course,  
 Some deep and slow; some rapid, roaring hoarse;  
 From vast Missouri's headlong stream, to where  
 The land is cheer'd by our lov'd Delaware:  
 Now pleas'd in wilds intermidable lost,  
 See pictur'd rocks on lake Superior's coast,  
 And then through all the mighty sister lakes,  
 To where the land with Niagra shakes.

Together have we conn'd th' historic page,  
 And mark'd fell discord in the battle rage;  
 With Greece triumphant o'er her Persian foes,  
 We triumph'd too, and with her greatness rose;  
 And oft, while Freedom held her seat in Rome,  
 We talked of Cincinnati and of *home*.

Sometimes from earth we took our upward flight,  
 And soar'd in fancy through the vault of night,  
 And while Creation's wonders we explore,  
 We drank in knowledge, thirsting still for more.

Thus through the fields of nature on we stray'd,  
 And saw the wonders of the world display'd;  
 Each study sweetened by affection warm,  
 The dullest task with thee possess'd its charm.  
 Though now to school-day joys we bid adieu;  
 That long our friendship may continue true,  
 And every joy upon thy life attend,  
 Is the warm wish of thy devoted friend. ANNA.

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#### LINES ADDRESSED TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Oh stay thee, lovely fairy thing!  
 Stay thy music breathing wing;  
 In yon woodbine's perfum'd bower,  
 Or in the cup of yonder flow'r,

Now you rest in happy state;  
 The slender twig scarce feels thy weight,  
 Thy plumes reflect Sol's golden light,  
 Now as the lovely ruby bright;

Now as an emerald thou art seen,  
 Clad in a vest of brightest green;  
 Purple and gold in splendor vie,  
 To give thy wings a beauteous dye.

In yon flowret plunge thy bill,  
 Of balsam honey sip thy fill,  
 Then on puny pinions fly,  
 Through the clear azure of the sky. ANNA.







